

Last caress

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Summary: That day began like any other since the birth of their baby girl.

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****A/N**

>This is my take on what happened to Maleficent's parents. I have not read any of the books, so although I did find the names Lysander, Hermia and Robin on the internet I could not find any more information regarding how they looked and what kind of faery Robin is...
My apologies at any grammar or spelling mistakes. English is not my native language, but I did the best I could.
>Anyway, this is my first try at writing a fanfiction so please let me know what you think :)

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That day began like any other since the birth of their baby girl. Hermia had woken when the sun had risen, and taken off to find them breakfast. Lysander, always more of a late-sleeper than his beloved partner, had not even stirred when she left their hammock. He slept on, his arms and wings tightly around their little girl, until the sun had risen above the trees and the light shone on his face. As usual this was also the time Hermia returned, with black nuts and berries for them to eat. They ate silently, for their little girl was still asleep. It was already obvious that she took after her father as she was awake for a good part of the night, but slept until her parents had eaten their breakfast.

The sun had already been in the sky for almost three hours when the little faery finally awoke. As per usual her father gave her a kiss on the forehead "making sure to avoid the horns that stuck out of her head" and a gentle stroke over her downy wings before handing her over to her mother to be fed. To him this always signaled that the day had really started and that it was time to see to his duties. So he spread his large wings, covered in feathers as black as the

night sky, and took off for the border.

As the strongest faeries in the magical kingdom, Hermia and Lysander had taken on the role of Protectors of the Moors. The human realms around them had more than once tried to invade the Moors and take its riches. They shared most of their border with the human realm of the newly crowned King Henry â€" a kingdom that had declared war on them more often than any of the Fair Folk could remember, determined as they were to lay their hands on the riches in the Moors â€" and it was to this part of the border that Lysander went first. There had not been trouble in years now, so the faery wasn't surprised to find the land across the border calm and peaceful. Still, he descended to the ground to ask one of the Tree Guards whether they had seen anything unusual as of late. Upon landing he found Balthazar already waiting for him, knowing Lysander's routine as well as anyone. As soon as Balthazar reassured him that there was nothing to worry about as of yet, he took off again for there were still other parts of the borders to be checked.

It wasn't until after lunch that their routine was interrupted.

He was holding his daughter in his arms, admiring her golden-green eyes that reminded him of her mother so much and gently stroking her soft wings, smiling every time they fluttered. Hermia sat opposite him, her heart filled with joy at the sight of her family, when her eyes caught sight of something else, something disturbing. Dust. A cloud of dust moving away from the human castle. She knew instantly that the cloud was produced by hoofs, which could only mean a large amount of riders was coming their way unless they would stop or turn before reaching their borders.

Lysander shot her a worried glance when she shot up. Alarmed by her expression, he turned to see what she was looking at. It was not hard to find the source of her distress and with a sigh he too got to his feet. Holding his daughter tightly in his arms â€" for her wings were still covered in down and would not be able to catch her if she fell â€" he descended down the cliff where stood the tree with their hammock, into the valley with the biggest lake in all the Moors, landing next to a tiny cave.

'Robin.'

He need not say more. Lysander and Hermia were friendly with all Moor Folk, but this was a dear friend. They did not visit each other often, for Robin's cave was too small for the faeries and their Hammock too high for the wingless mushroom faery. Still, they spoke often when they saw each other out in the Moors.

The small mushroom faery came crawling out of his cave. His leathery brown skin already showing a large amount of wrinkles â€" early even for a mushroom faery â€" and mushrooms protruding from his arms, his knees, his shoulders, even his cheek. His face was solemn for he had heard the alarm in his friend's voice, his eyes immediately drawn to the baby in his friend's arms. And he knew why they had come.

'I will keep her safe,' the mushroom faery said as Lysander handed him his baby girl. Hermia and Lysander thanked him deeply before hurrying off to the border, leaving the faery and the little girl behind.

It took another two hours before the riders had reached the border. Lysander had rather spent them with his little girl, but it was their duty to keep an eye on any human who came near their borders and, despite his hopes and wishes, the humans had not swayed from their course, coming ever nearer to his home. And now they were here. A large group of knights on horses, their armor glittering in the late afternoon sun. And in front of the knights was a lone figure, mounted on a horse as white as snow, with a crown sat firmly upon his head. King Henry, crowned only two weeks ago, was already drawn to the riches and wonders that lay just over his borders.

Hermia and Lysander stood between two of the high rocks that formed the border of their realm. Balthazar stood a little behind them, hidden in the shadows of the forest with others of his kind, only to come out if battle ensued.

Hermia had suggested she speak to the king, for with her small horns and golden-brown wings she looked far less threatening than her partner. Lysander had had to agree, even though he would have given almost anything to take her place and keep her out of harm's way. Still, Lysander could only hope that the human king would be willing to speak to her, for another war would benefit neither kingdom.

It came therefor as a relief when the king signaled his love to come to him when she had said she wanted to speak to him about peace between their realms. He could not hear their words for they were too far away " but if there was anyone who could persuade the king not to start another war it would be his Hermia, for of all the faeries she was most passionate about this cause and she hardly ever lost her temper.

He slowly relaxed as he saw her posture relax and the king smile. All would be right. She turned around, ready to fly back to him. He could see her smile and her beautiful golden-green eyes lit up with joy. Only too late did he see the change in the king's demeanor, the smile suddenly vicious, eyes again filled with greed. Before his mouth could even start to form a warning, the human king drew his sword. Startled at the sound, Hermia's wings flapped and she shot up high into the air. And then the arrows hit her.

Before he even had time to think, Lysander found himself in the air. His wings beating fast to catch her. But it was all in vain. Mere seconds before he reached her, she hit the ground. He had just landed next to her broken body when he heard the Tree Guards moving, coming to their aid.

Battle had ensued.

There was no time to think, no time to mourn. The Moors were in danger once again and as Protector it was his duty to protect them at all costs. With a last look at his love's delicate features, he turned to the lines of men that came charging at him. His already superhuman strength was multiplied by the sudden outburst of rage and all he could think of was wiping them out, every single one of them. He did not feel the burns the iron weapons left, did not feel the cuts or bruises they made. He lost all sense of time, soaring up to high altitudes to let himself drop unto another part of the king's army to bring death and destruction until the humans finally chose to retreat, leaving more than half of their army dead on the fields of battle.

Down below, he saw the Tree Guards retreat back into the forest. Balthazar left the field last, a winged faery held dearly in his long arms. Only then, when the adrenaline finally faded, did Lysander feel the many wounds he had sustained. His energy draining as his blood kept pouring out of his body, his wings barely able to keep him airborne.

He flew back inside the borders of the Moors, losing height faster than he liked. He stumbled and fell upon landing, having descended faster than he had intended to. He tried to get back up, but his legs wouldn't carry his weight. Slowly he crawled further to the cave.

'Robin.'

It was barely a whisper and for a moment he feared the mushroom faery would not have heard. But then he saw movement inside and with a sigh he let himself fall back onto the grass. The mushroom faery came out slowly, the baby tightly in his arms. Lysander stretched his arms out to his little girl, ignoring Robin's concerned muttering, and took the baby into his arms.

'I love you, my dear Maleficent,' he whispered as his hand softly caressed the girls face. And with a last flutter of his wings and a last caress of his fingers, his body stilled and he was no more.

End
file.